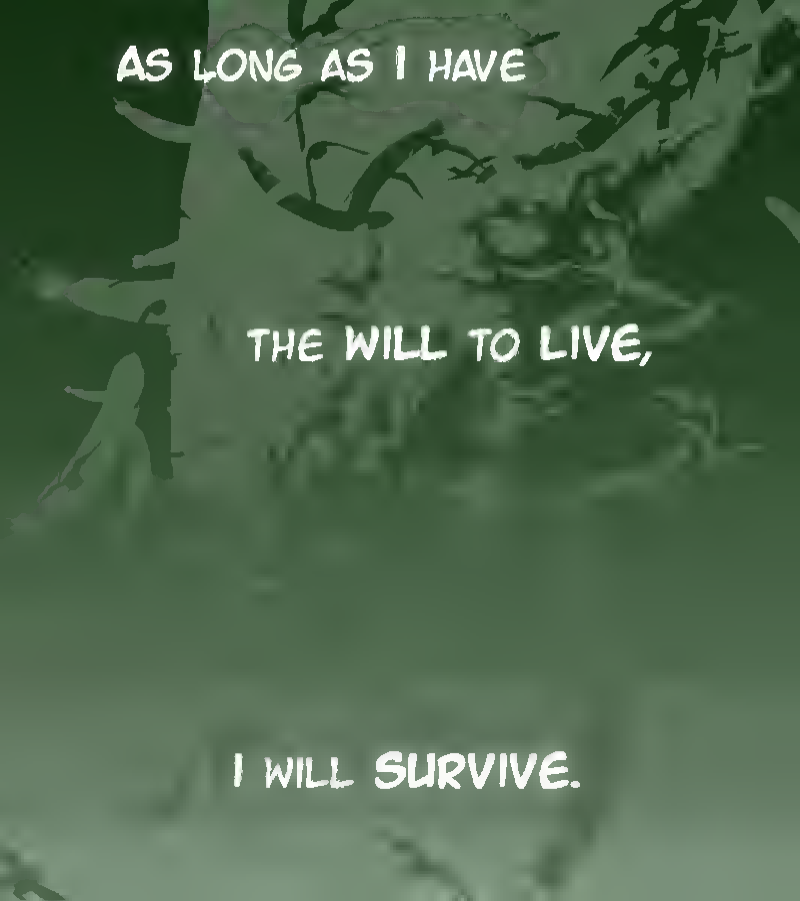
THEY SAY A BIRD IS DEFINED BY ITS
WINGS.
WHY NOT, A BIRD

IS DEFINED
By
ITS
WILL


AS LONG AS I HAVE
THE WILL TO LIVE,
I WILL SURVIVE.

OTHERS MAY MAKE
FUN OF ME...

...FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO FLY.

BUT SOMETIMES,

EVEN IF WE WERE BORN WITH THINGS THAT

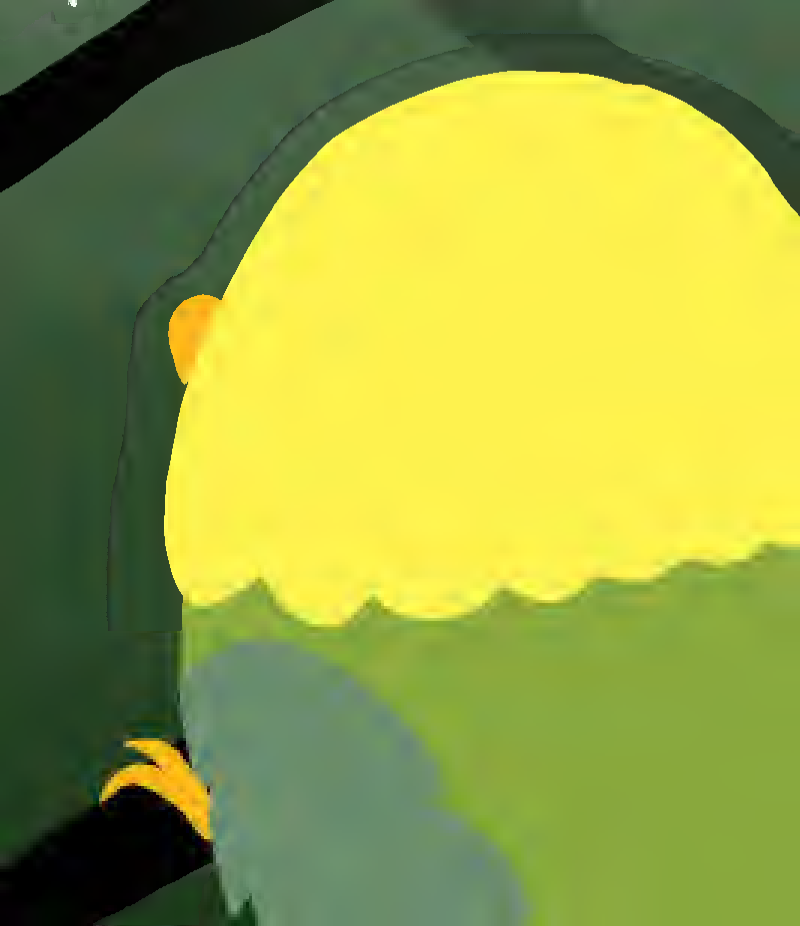
DEFINE US,

I BELIEVE

WE HAVE A CHOICE

TO BECOME

WHO WE ARE.
I WANT TO BUILD MYSELF UP.



I WANT TO KEEP ON CLIMBING...

KEEP ON REACHING...

TO THE PO

OINT WHERE

I FINALLY

REALIZE,

I WAS BORN
TO BE WHO I AM.

END OF CHEWYS NARRATIVE...

A BUDGIES LIFE

THE TALES OF AN ARTIST PET

BY
MUFFIN GIRL